



"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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Miscellaneous Intelligence.

SABBATH MAILS.

Extracts from a Review of the Report of the Committee, to whom was referred the several petitions on the subject of *Mails on the Sabbath*, presented to the Senate of the United States, January 16, 1829, by the Hon. Mr. Johnson, Chairman of said Committee.

[Continued from page 665]

"*Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*" But unblessed by the Sabbath, there is not a spot on earth, where the understanding is enlightened by just conceptions of the character of God, or his worship maintained, or the hearts and lives of men purified by the Gospel. Everywhere, as the Sabbath has disappeared, has darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people; and though we exult in our liberties and superior illumination, in one century, without the Sabbath, would our sun go down, and all our civil and religious institutions perish.

"*Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.*" But where has the Sabbath departed, and idolatry not entered? The reluctance of man to retain God in his knowledge is notorious. It is only by the evidence of miracles, and the energy imparted by the Sabbath to divine institutions, that the name and worship of God have been maintained upon the earth. The Jews, previous to their captivity at Babylon, were strangely addicted to the worship of idols; but after their return, when the synagogue worship was established, the Sabbath more strictly observed, and the law of God read and explained every recurring seventh day, they never again relapsed into idolatry.

The Sabbath is the wall of partition between Christian and heathen lands; the sun which enlightens the one, while all without is the region of the shadow of death. The enemies of revelation revile the Sabbath, as a day subservient to superstition and the clergy; but let them turn their backs on its hated light, and go where its glimmerings do not reach, and everywhere they will witness the ignorance of the multitude, and the uncontrolled despotism of an idol priesthood. Idolatry has retreated before the hated light of holy time, and now lies in ambush, waiting to return, whenever it shall be extinguished. The enemies of revelation and the Sabbath are in fact the pioneers of idolatry, with all its abominable superstitions, impurities, and blood.

"*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.*" The entire influence of the di-

vine government depends on the reverence and love for God which prevail among his subjects. Wherever respect for God declines: wherever his name, attributes, word, and worship, are treated with irreverence and levity, there the obedience of the heart has no place, and atheism itself could scarcely be more licentious in its results. Profaneness is ever associated in some form, and more commonly in many forms with immorality; so that universally, the more profaneness abounds, the more dissolute is the community in which it prevails. But among what classes of the community does the profanation of the name of God most abound? Never among those, as a class, who are reverential and strict in the observance of the Sabbath, but among those, almost exclusively, who lightly esteem and violate that holy day.

"*Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*" But what is the treatment of parents by their children, where no Sabbath preserves natural affection, corroborates parental by divine authority, invigorates conscience, and forms a public sentiment which renders filial ingratitude disreputable? In lands nominally Christian, children who are farthest removed from the influence of the Sabbath, are most frequently irreligious, self-willed, 'heady, high-minded, disobedient to parents, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful;' while often by their abusive conduct, they destroy domestic peace, and by their vices and crimes, bring themselves and the gray hairs of their parents with sorrow to the grave. In pagan lands, the insubordination of children to parents is notorious, and the affections and comforts of the family state, as they are enjoyed in Christian lands, are scarcely known. It is a common event for children, when their parents have become old, and can be of no further use to them, to carry them forth as a nuisance, and lay them down under the canopy of heaven, by the river, or the way-side, to die the lingering, intolerable death of starvation.

"*Thou shalt not kill.*" But where the Sabbath does not give presence and energy to the moral law, how cheap and insecure is the life of man? Duelling, as a general fact, prevails among Sabbath breakers. It is doubtful whether an individual can be found, of the multitude who have fought, who was accustomed to pay a strict regard to holy time. And where do those assaults most abound, which indicate the absence of principle, and the predominance of intemperance and rage, and brutal force?—

Precisely where the Sabbath is least revered, and the tavern has supplanted the sanctuary of God. Where, with horrid frequency, and more horrid impunity, do those assassinations multiply, which hold life in jeopardy? It is where the Sabbath, if known at all, exists in name only, as a day of superstitious forms, and is in fact a holiday, more destructive to morals than the other six. In many such places, the work of assassination has become a profession. For a small sum, a desperado can be hired to take away life, and can find a sanctuary from justice in the church; and for a small portion of his gain, can be absolved from his guilt by the ghostly priesthood.

There is a city in our own land, in which, a few years since, an appalling number of assassinations took place in six months, and every one of them with entire impunity. But there was no Sabbath there, which gave presence and influence to the government of God, or tone to public sentiment, or energy to the civil law. And whoever reads the account of assassinations and murders which are fast becoming a part of our weekly intelligence, and observes the geographical location of these deeds of blood, will perceive that they abound chiefly in the twilight of religious knowledge, and where the Sabbath sheds upon the population but a faint and glimmering light.

* * * * *

When the Sabbath was abolished in France, the mighty God, whose being they denied, and whose worship they abolished, stood aloof, and gave them up; and a scene of proscription, and assassination, and desolation ensued, unparalleled in the annals of the civilized world. In the city of Paris, there were in 1803, eight hundred and seven suicides and murders. Among the criminals executed there were seven fathers who had poisoned their children; ten husbands who had murdered their wives; six wives who had poisoned their husbands, and fifteen children who had destroyed their parents.

"*Thou shalt not commit adultery.*" But in many nations lying without the pale of Christendom, promiscuous concubinage has prevailed to the annihilation of domestic purity, and all the sweet charities of the family state. At the Sandwich Islands, licentiousness and disease were fast exterminating the wretched population, until the Sabbath and the glad tidings of the Gospel came to their aid. * * *

"*Thou shalt not covet.*" "The Hindoos," says Mr. Ward, "are excessively addicted to covetousness, especially in the great towns, where they have been corrupted by commerce." And where, except in Christian lands, do governments exist which are not rapacious? The rapacity of the Turkish government has well nigh depopulated some of the fairest portions of the earth, once the most populous, where no crime is more dangerous to life than that of being rich. And where will you look for confirmation of the inspired declaration, that 'the world lusteth to envy,' and for mobs and insurrections, laying rapacious hands on the property of the rich, but among those whom the Sabbath has not visited, and whose only restraint is the coercion of law? Men of wealth, who are hasting to be rich by Sabbath day earnings,

should understand that their wealth is floating on a popular sea whose waves the laws cannot chain, when the Sabbath has ceased to legislate in the name of heaven---that a volcano is beneath them, whose explosion man cannot prevent or withstand, when the fear of the Lord has ceased, which is the beginning of wisdom. If our men of wealth desire the scenes of revolutionary France to be acted over, let them obliterate the Sabbath, and propagate infidelity, and 'from the vasty deep,' call up the demons of blood---and they will come.

Volumes of facts, under each of these particulars, might easily be accumulated. We have selected a few only as specimens, but enough to show, that the moral law, without the Sabbath, is as imbecile to restrain and bless mankind, as would be the constitution and statutes of our government, without an administration.

From the moral efficacy of the Sabbath, as illustrated by facts, we are authorised to infer the universality and perpetuity of its obligations. It is one of the ten commands, which epitomize the whole duty of man to God, and to his neighbor;---the practical expression, in worship and relative duties, of that love which is called 'the fulfilling of the Law.' It 'was made' or instituted for man 'in the beginning.' It might just as well be pretended that the world was not created, as that the Sabbath was not instituted, till the time of Moses. And it is no more an appendage of Judaism, than the worship of God, or the love of our neighbor.---It is, in its nature, (the particular day only in the seven excepted) a moral and not a positive institution. It results from the nature of God, that he should be worshipped; and from the nature of man, that he should one day in seven enjoy rest, and pay to God his adoration, and be instructed in his duty. There is in the constitution of the human mind and body, and in the nature of God's moral government, as real, as universal, and as permanent a necessity for the Sabbath, as there is for marriage, obedience to parents, or for truth and moral honesty. Nay, the fourth command is more important than either of the nine, as it is that alone which secures to the government of God an effectual administration.

The change of the day from the seventh to the first, (of which we cannot now speak) no more abolishes the obligation to keep holy a seventh part of time, than it changes the nature of God, or man. To God worship is still due, and man needs instruction and rest one day in seven. All the reasons, therefore, which ever existed for the institution of the Sabbath, exist still and will forever exist, while the character of God, and the capacity and character of man remain.

"GOD CAN DO WITHOUT ME."

[Furnished by a Clergyman, for the American Pastor's Journal.]

It is about twenty years since I entered upon the work of the holy ministry in this place.---The whole course of my ministerial experience has given me the most abundant reason to adore Him as "the Father of mercies,"

have occasions of proof been few, that he has committed "the treasure of the Gospel to earthen vessels," that it might appear that, "the excellency of the power is of God." The wisdom and goodness of God, will appear alike manifest in this disposition, from the following statement.

The first two years of my ministry, was a continued revival. The work commenced at my ordination. In six weeks after that interesting and solemn event, thirty-one were added to the church; and during the two years, two hundred. The work was a still and solemn one. It advanced without observation; and was effected by the preaching of the Gospel, catechising, and family visitation. The fruit of it has been excellent; and there was much in it to gratify a young pastor's heart, if not to excite feelings of self complacency. Such feelings, however, the Lord took an early occasion to repress and mortify.

The week after my ordination, I commenced a course of family visitation. Some members of the congregation living at a distance from the village, the house of one of the elders of the church was my head quarters for some days. Being a stranger, my movements were all directed by him. He communicated freely on the state of the people; took me to their houses, and made me acquainted with their persons. A poor family resided within about forty rods of the elder's house, consisting of four persons; the mother, who had arrived at the age of eighty-four—two maiden daughters, of about fifty—and a man, a boarder, of about the same age. They were all of correct habits, and could read the Scriptures. They had also been accustomed to hear the preaching of the Gospel occasionally. The elder informed me of this family, and it was agreed that one of our evenings should be spent with them. It so happened, however, in Providence, that the family was not visited for want of time. It was the only family in the neighborhood which was passed over. My time was subsequently employed for several weeks in visiting other parts of the congregation, and nothing was heard of this family.

Just before our communion season the Elder informed me that this family was in an unhappy state of feeling—that they were angry at him for not bringing me to their house; and would have been angry at me also, if I had not been a stranger. I requested him to tell them that the neglect was altogether unintentional, and that I would take the earliest opportunity to call and see them.

The promised visit was accordingly made. The family were all together, seated around their humble hearth, and one of the daughters was reading the Scriptures aloud for the benefit of the whole. The moment they saw me, they burst into tears and wept bitterly for a long time—I found them all deeply convinced of their sinful and lost condition, and ready to hear of the love and grace of the crucified One—It was not long before they were all enabled to embrace the gospel offer. They were all united to the Church, and enjoyed "the peace of God," and the hope of eternal life. The mother manifested a deep contrition of heart,

and tenderness of conscience as I have ever witnessed. She once told me that she thought she knew what Paul meant when he spoke of himself as one "born out of due time." She was the first who became affected. The first sensation was anger. The thought then struck her, "is not this of the Lord?—I have neglected him through my long life, and now he will not suffer even his people to come near me!" This thought went to her heart, and resulted in her saving conversion—It had the same effect on her daughters, and the boarder, when she communicated it to them. The old lady lived thirteen years to prove her hope and glorify God, and at the age of ninety-seven, slept in Jesus. One of the daughters was an eminent Christian, and died soon after her mother ceased to need her care. The other two are still living to God. I have never since forgotten, and hope to carry the recollection with me to the grave, that *God can do without me!*

THE LONG FORBEARANCE OF GOD TOWARD SINNERS.

I. At all the different stages of life, through which they pass, God waiteth for sinners, to repent and obey his commands.

For the sake of illustration, let it be said, that at *four years of age*, a child is capable of repentance and obedience to the injunctions of the Bible. When the sun rises on the day, that makes him four years old—that makes him capable of religious affections and doings—God looks down upon him, and waits for his repentance. Hour after hour slides away, until mid-day; hour after hour slides away, until the setting of the sun, and God is still waiting for his repentance. He waits till the rising—till the setting of *another sun*. At length the Sabbath comes. The child sees its sweet light—breathes its hallowed air—spends its sacred hours. All the day long, Jehovah waits to see him "turn from his evil ways," but waits in vain. In like manner, another Sabbath comes; in like manner it is spent; till the flowers of summer are exchanged for the fruits of autumn; till the fruits of autumn are exchanged for the snows of winter; till another birth-day, and a third, and a fourth, are seen and spent; till childhood is exchanged for youth. All this time, God is waiting for the repentance of that child. And still he waits. That youth grows up to be a man. He is at the head of a family. When a child was first placed within his arms, the eye of God was fixed upon him, to see whether even now, he would repent and "obey the gospel." He waits upon him hour after hour—day after day—week after week—month after month—year after year, till his children are, some of them dead, and some of them grown up to years of maturity. At length, a few gray hairs are seen upon his head. God waits for his repentance, till they are multiplied—till the snows of age whiten his locks. His memory and understanding become enfeebled—his eye grows dim—his steps falter—he leans upon a staff—he totters upon the brink of the grave;—and still, *still* Jehovah waits for his repentance! Look at his course from a child of four years old till youth—from youth till manhood—from manhood till old age, and say, as you see God

waiting for him to repent and embrace the Saviour, may it not be asserted with strong emphasis, that Jehovah waiteth long for the sinner to "hear his voice?"

II. *Jehovah waits long, to mark the effect of the various and powerful means He employs with sinners, to bring them to repentance.*

A pious mother retired to her closet with her little son. She fixed her eyes kindly upon him, and in a very tender manner—such a manner, as none but a pious mother could adopt—began to speak with him on the interests of his precious soul. She spoke to him of his guilt and danger; of the power and goodness of his heavenly Father; of the "grace and truth" of Jesus Christ. She made him kneel by her side—put the words of prayer into his mouth—and then, with her soft hand gently pressed upon his head, she poured forth "strong crying" and earnest supplication to God for his forgiveness and salvation. And God was there, waiting for that child's repentance.

One of the companions of this child, while engaged in sport, was crushed by the fall of a heavy body. He gasped and died. He was carried home to his afflicted parents;—laid in a coffin, and borne to the "burial-place."—Around his new-made grave, all his companions were assembled; and just before the coffin was let down into the "dark and narrow house," the minister spoke kindly, yet earnestly, to the children who stood around him. "Ah, my dear children," said he, "what if one of you in that unexpected moment had been cut down, and sent into eternity—would you have gone up to Heaven, or would you have gone down to Hell? You too, in "such an hour as you think not," may die. O, then, prepare to die! While you shed tears upon this coffin, see to it, that you repent of your sins, and give up your hearts to the blessed Saviour." And while the preacher spoke, God was there. His eye was fixed upon the heart of that child, for whom his mother had been praying in the closet, to see if he would now obey his voice—would now repent.

This child grew up to be a man, without repentance. And now it pleased the gracious Saviour to pour out the Holy Spirit upon the circle of his friends. He saw many of them convinced of sin—stung with guilt—imploping mercy. Some of them he saw, penitent and humble, at the foot of the cross; he witnessed their godly grief, and heard their song of salvation. And now, one and another of these friends urged him with many tears, to forsake his sins and devote himself to God. And God was there, waiting for his repentance.

As he approached the evening of life, he began to lean upon the arm of a beloved son.—That son, he called "his stay and his staff." Support and solace he expected from him when the infirmities of old age should multiply. But this expectation was suddenly blasted. And when that son was laid in the grave, he felt, that his own heart was in the coffin. In that hour, a tempest, dark and terrible, beat upon him. And as he turned from the grave, feeling himself bereaved, forsaken, desolate, God was there waiting for his repentance.—Who can look upon the variety of means which God is

continually employing with men, from childhood to old age, to bring them to hear his voice, without perceiving in the strongest light, that He waiteth long for their repentance?—Rev. B. Green's Sermon in National Preacher.

PROGRESS OF THE BIBLE IN IRELAND.

The following passages, which might be greatly multiplied from other sources, are extracted from the Reports of the Hibernian Bible Society.

In consequence of the late discussions on the doctrines of the Church of England and that of Rome, the sale of the Scriptures is unprecedented.

It has been said, the people will not take the Bible. This is not the fact: they will take it; they demand it: they will not only take, but even from their hard-got earnings, they will most cheerfully purchase it. Many have come to this very village, the distance of 20 and 27 miles, to buy that sacred book. Not many months since, a number of persons in a remote part of the country, nearly 30 miles from Kingscourt, raised a sum of money among themselves, procured a horse, and deputed a man to come to this place to get a supply of the Holy Scriptures.

A large number of persons, amounting to some thousands, are now engaged in this neighborhood (Youghal) in either reading, or preparing to read the Scriptures in the Irish language and character; they are occupied in this way every evening after work, and on Sundays. The consequence has been, that card-playing and the ale-house have been given up. The strongest opposition has been given, but without effect: the affections of the people have been engaged, by giving them the scriptures in the language which they understand: they seem quite convinced that they have been dealt with fairly, and see no reason why they should be precluded from searching the scriptures themselves. More than two thirds of the scholars are adults, some from 50 to 70 years of age.

During my tour through the South, I have seen proofs of enthusiastic attachment toward the scriptures in the Irish language: they are making their way into the houses and hands of the people, in spite of the most vigorous opposition. Within ten miles round the town of Youghal, there are above 3000 persons reading the Irish scriptures. There is a wonderful spirit abroad; and the scriptures alone, without human agency, are making a mighty revolution in the minds of the people. It has been generally found, that wherever the Irish testament has been introduced, a desire has been created for possessing an English testament, and ultimately an English bible, with marginal references. In Kingscourt, in the county of Cavan, in consequence of the circulation of the Irish testament, such an anxiety for the English scriptures was excited, that not less than 300 copies were distributed by the Auxiliary Society there during its first year; these were chiefly sold, and many of the peasantry (some of them day-laborers) paid so high as four shillings for a copy of the bible with marginal references.

In connexion with this subject, we add a passage from the Report of the Irish Society of

Dublin. In reference to the bible in the Irish language and character, lately published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Committee state:

‘It is with the greatest satisfaction we have to announce, that about Christmas last, was completed the printing of the 8vo. Irish bible, the first edition of that blessed book in the Irish language and character, which has been published for 143 years. We expect that the minion pocket edition, which is more than half finished, will soon follow. Upon this occasion we feel it to be our solemn duty, to offer up our sincere and fervent thanksgiving to Almighty God, that he hath so blessed the nation in our day with this inestimable gift, and our sincere and fervent prayer that he will give his word free course in this land: that he will prepare the hearts of the people to receive this good seed, and that it may bring forth abundantly the blessed fruits of peace in this land, and glory to his holy name.’

THE YOUNG SWEARER.

Mr. Editor:—I send you the following fact, of recent occurrence in the hope of its giving encouragement to Sabbath School Teachers, and interesting the public generally. I was not myself a witness to the circumstances, but they came to me from a source entitled to the fullest credit. They exhibit, in a striking light, the influence of religious instruction, and afford ample encouragement to all engaged in the delightful employment of alluring the young from the ways of ignorance and crime.

The subject of this article was a lad, about eight years of age, at the time of his admission into the Sabbath School. Nature had endowed him with a mind above the medium grade; but, like hundreds of others in all our cities and villages, he had at home no religious instruction, and was permitted to linger daily around the habitations of idleness, and to revel amid scenes of dissipation and sin.

The influence of bad associations is invariably and deeply felt upon the youthful mind. It is true that an acquaintance with vice in its various shapes, gives what is called by some, a “*knowledge of the world*”; but it is not true, that it gives such a knowledge as enables one to withstand temptation. This lad soon became such an adept in wickedness, as to be an example for his associates.

The vice in which he was most conspicuous was profane swearing. In this, he evinced such a remarkable talent, as to attract the attention of the vulgar crowd. Not unfrequently would they amuse themselves by helping forward, and listening to the horrid oaths of this little boy. It was common for them to collect themselves together, and allure the little fellow, into their midst, and say, “*Come J—, we want to hear you swear one of your best lessons.*” The boy, encouraged by the flattery, would endeavor to show all his skill in the art by pouring forth such a torrent of oaths and curses as would shock any being but a madman or a fiend; while the wicked ramble around him would exult in the triumph of ungodliness.

It was with emotions of the most painful solicitude, that the teachers in the Sabbath

School witnessed this exhibition of Juvenile depravity. They resolved, if possible, to rescue the unhappy victim from impending ruin; and through the Providence of God, they were successful in bringing him into the Sabbath School. Here, his attention was diverted from his former associates; he found new and nobler amusements; and his mind, thirsting for knowledge, seized with eagerness upon the holy scriptures. The sedate and virtuous deportment of his young companions, the solemnity of the school, the affectionate counsels of the teachers and the instructions of the word of God made a deep impression upon his mind, and allured his steps into the way of peace.

Repeated attempts were made by his former associates, to draw him into vice; but all in vain. His vicious habits were entirely abandoned, and he grew daily in the esteem of the wise and good. He is at this time one of the most interesting and attentive boys in the school, and it is the ardent hope and prayer of his teachers, that he may yet be made a blessing to the world and a subject of the renewing grace of God.—*Visitant.*

FALLING FROM GRACE.

The following conversation between a Methodist and Presbyterian, is communicated to the Visitor and Telegraph as having actually taken place.

Methodist.—You believe that, when a man is once converted, he can never fall away, so as to be finally lost?

Presbyterian.—I do.

M.—Your proof.

P.—If a believer should fall away and finally perish, it must be, because, either Christ forsakes him or he forsakes Christ, or Satan wrests him out of the Saviour's hands, in spite of both Christ and the believer. To which of these causes do you attribute the believer's final fall?

M.—He forsakes Christ.

P.—Will you be satisfied with a plain and express text to the contrary?

M.—Most certainly.

P.—Then you shall have it. “And I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, *that they shall not depart from me.*” Jeremiah xxxii, 40.

Another—“The righteous also shall hold on his way.” Job. xvii, 9.

Do not these passages expressly teach that the believer *shall not depart from Christ*, and that the *righteous shall hold on his way*? Are you now satisfied with a plain and express text?

M.—Ah, I must first see what Dr. Clarke says on those passages.

It is to be hoped that no Presbyterian will ever regard the writings of any D. D. with so much deference, as to refuse a plain passage of the Bible, until the opinion of the favorite Doctor can be known.

PERSEVERANS.

More than half a Church from Sabbath Schools.—At Providence, S. C., the Charleston Observer says, a Presbyterian Church of about 160 members has received more than one half of this number, the past year, from the members of Sabbath Schools in that place.

Youth's Department.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

"Reading fills the mind only with materials of knowledge: it is thinking makes what we read ours."—Locke

THE CONTRAST.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from page 667.)

It is worthy of remark, that, in general, infidelity has little to do with *reason* or *inquiry*, but is commonly a *disease of the heart* more than of the understanding.—WILBERFORCE.

A dutiful son—Prayer followed by watchfulness—Mental and spiritual improvement form a fine character—Influence of Infidelity—Sceptics unreasonable, although they make reason their God—Difference between freedom and licentiousness—Apostates from Religion are often depraved and tyrannical—Exemplified—An unwelcome Messenger—Late hours productive of mischief—The sentiments of an almost Christian—The Police Office—Mrs. Elworthy's increasing illness and anxiety—The Rev. Mr. Singleton's encouraging remarks—Religious education a blessing.

Melville formed a perfect contrast to Elworthy. His principles were deeply rooted—his persuasion of the importance of religion fixed and constant—his sense of duty and consistency strong and vigorous. Jealous of his own heart he feared to trust it, and although he knew what temptations were, yet he knew that there was no temptation that could happen unto him but what was common to man, and that God had said, 'As thy day is so shall thy strength be.' Le Monde soon perceived the difference between Elworthy and Melville; he saw the latter possessed *principle*, the former was destitute of it. He concealed his opinion for the present, nor did he give a hint that he had any suspicion that Elworthy was going astray.

Melville gave his parents an exact account of his situation, and after expressing his concern that he might be enabled to glorify God and maintain a consistent temper and conduct, he concluded his letter thus—"I consider you, my dear and honored parents, as my *best*, because my *faithful* and experienced counsellors. Tenderness and sympathy will dictate your advice on all occasions. I am in a *trying* situation, but what is my faith, my religion, if it will not stand the *test* of trials and temptations. If the votaries of folly and dissipation are bold in the dishonorable cause in which they are engaged, shall I be ashamed of the cross? But I do not rely upon *my own strength*. I *pray* to be supported, and I *watch* against evils. Let me hear from you frequently, and let me be remembered by you in your prayers, &c. &c."

This letter was a cordial to the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Melville, and reconciled them, in some measure, to the removal of their son. They received the most satisfactory accounts of his conduct from Mr. Le Monde, as very attentive

to business, and much devoted to the improvement of his mind. He endeavored to retain the knowledge he had acquired at school, and, therefore, paid attention to his Latin and Greek studies, and labored to extend his acquaintance with arithmetic, geography, &c. &c. He read a certain portion of the Bible daily, marking down those parts which most impressed his mind, or in which he found any difficulty, thus acting upon the maxim of an excellent writer:—"When the time of youth is improved, and that time is laid out in the pursuit of wisdom, which others waste in idleness or folly, what an inexhaustible fund of knowledge is laid up for succeeding periods of life!—the mind is enriched in *mental* acquirements; and if, besides this, the youth has the *fear of God*, his soul will expand in spiritual knowledge, and grow in grace."

The mind of young Melville was frequently distressed by the infidel and profane remarks of Arthur Freeman, (who had been seduced from his attachment to the Scriptures, and from his attention to public worship by an admirer of the late Thomas Paine,) and although his faith in the Divine authority of the Bible remained firm and unshaken, yet when he read it, some of Freeman's observations obtruded themselves, and diverted his attention from its great and important truths. He had heard nothing of the kind while under his father's roof, and if there were any thing that was above his comprehension, (and there are many such things in the book of *nature*, as well as in the book of *scripture*,) he was told to receive it on the veracity of the inspired writers; he was often taunted by Freeman to explain how sin entered into heaven? Why Adam was permitted to fall? How the conduct of Noah, David, Samson, Peter, &c. could be consistent with their characters as good men? Sometimes he adduced texts, which he said were entirely contradictory; then he inveighed against the ministers and preachers of the Gospel; describing some as mercenary wretches, mindful only of the loaves and fishes; others as knaves and rogues, imposing on the weak and unlearned; and others as enthusiasts and fanatics, borne away by the strong current of their feelings. "A few," said he, "may be honest men, but they are a very few indeed, and even *they* are not necessary in this enlightened age. Nature is quite sufficient to teach us our duty to our Maker, (if there be one) and to each other in *this* world, and as to what becomes of us *hereafter*, I care not; I believe that as soon as we are put into the grave there is an end of us, and, therefore, as to your preparation for a future state, the enjoyments of heaven and the punishment of hell, why Melville, (*tapping his snuff-box*,) it is all a *hum*; let us enjoy ourselves, I say, while we can, and taste

the good things which nature has so richly provided for us; my motto is, a short life and a merry one! if life must be short, (*walks about and sings.*) *Begone dull care, &c.*; we had a merry bout last night, fine sport master Robert I assure ye. I did not get home till *two* in the morning, and then my old dad got up and let me in, and gave me a proper set down at breakfast time. (*sings again.*) *But what care I for mam or dad;** I have some idea of taking a lodging for myself, and then I shall not be under any restraint, but go out and return when I please."

Melville.—Well, Mr. Freeman, if this is the benefit you have derived by relinquishing the Bible, and abandoning religion, I think you are not a gainer, but a tremendous loser, and I fear the day will arrive when you will repent most bitterly, that you ever made such discoveries.

Freeman, (*laughs*) *ha! ha! ha!*—Now then for your lecture, I thought the spirit would move you soon.

Melville.—As to my lecture, Mr. Freeman, I pretend to nothing of the kind, but I know that your conduct, according to your own confession, is as hostile to *reason* as it is to *revelation*; does not reason point out the duty of children to parents? Have we not often read and admired the conduct of the pious *Aeneas*, (as Virgil styles him) towards his father Anchises? *Paganism* itself would condemn your treatment of your parents. The voice of reason says, *revere parentes!* and does not the same voice declare, that *preservation of health* is an important duty, and that *late hours* are injurious to the health and character and income? Is it reasonable that you should run into those expenses, which must eventually involve you in difficulties, and fix you deep in debt? I do not say this is the fact *now*, but it is likely to be so in the end; is it reasonable, that you should treat with disdain and contempt a book full of the best precepts, and of the purest morality—a book which brings into clear light that state of blessedness which philosophy, with all its advantages could not explore—a book which contains promises for the afflicted and disconsolate—advice to the young, and comfort to the aged? To reject such a book merely from the statement of a wild revolutionist in religion and politics, whose thread bare arguments have been constantly answered and rebutted—whose schemes, if carried into execution, would produce misery among the nations, and plunge the soul in despair—to reject such a book, I say, would be madness and folly indeed. On the supposition, however, that the facts recorded in the Bible are true—that God will punish the wicked and reward the righteous—what will become of you, dying in a state of impenitence and unbelief?

Freeman looked grave, and paused; at length, he exclaimed, 'Well, well! there is something in your last sentence certainly; but, my dear fellow, Paine's arguments are so strong, and he is so great an advocate for freedom in politics and religion that—'

Melville.—Excuse me, rather say *licentiousness*, than *freedom*, for 'He is the free man whom the truth makes free.' I have often heard my

father say, that great reformers are generally great tyrants, and the history of the French revolution proves it; I need only mention the name of Robespierre; I remember a man who lived near us, once a zealous professor of religion, but afterwards warped by the writings of Paine, whose constant cry was *liberty* and the Rights of Man, but his vicious practice explained the nature of his principles. While he had his own rights, he cared not for the rights of others, and when he departed from religion, he departed from order and decency; the poison of asps was under his lips, and his mouth was full of cursing and bitterness; he was a tyrant in his family, and displayed the same character in his conduct generally.

The Porter enters.—If you please, Mr. Freeman, there is a person who wishes to speak to you; he says he *must* see you directly; he has a paper in his hand, and, I think, looks like a constable.

Freeman.—Why did you not tell him I was not in the house?

Porter.—No, no, sir! (*shaking his head*) I will not tell a falsehood for any one: I wonder that a gentleman like you should wish me to do so.

Freeman blushes, and walks into the warehouse muttering.—Well sir! what is your business?

Constable.—Read that paper sir! (*Leaves the warehouse.*)

(Freeman reads.)—'Mr. Arthur Freeman; you are hereby required to attend at the Police Office this day at 12 o'clock, to answer certain charges brought against you by the watchmen of the north division, &c. &c.'

Melville.—Was it really a constable, Mr. Freeman?

Freeman.—An unlucky business, indeed! After we left the tavern last night, where we drank rather freely, one or two of the party were rather in for it, and, unfortunately, molested the watchman in his box: I wish it had not happened! what excuse can I make to Mr. Le Monde for my absence?

Melville.—Tell him the truth, and act more wisely in future.

Freeman.—No, no! that will never do.—(*Pauses.*) Now I have it; I will tell him my uncle wants to see me on urgent business.

Melville.—Ah, Freeman! sin brings sorrow; this is one of the evil effects of *late hours*; is this what the religion of nature teaches you? Will such things as these induce me to imitate your conduct? No, sir, my fanatical principles, as you have termed them, teach me to regard the truth—to be temperate in all things, to—

Freeman.—I cannot stay to hear the rest of your sermon; give Mr. Le Monde that note, and tell him I will return very soon.—(*retires.*)

Mr. Le Monde enters.—All alone Robert; where is Freeman?

Melville.—He desired me to give you this note, sir.

Le Monde reads.—His uncle! I very much question the truth of this, but I will take no notice of it at present. We are now alone Melville, and it affords me a high degree of pleasure to express my satisfaction at your behaviour since you came hither; I am sorry that you have some very bad examples before you, but although I am not religious myself, God help

* These are some of the sentiments imbibed by visiting Vauxhall, and the Theatres, &c.!!!

me! yet I know how to value those that are really so, and, I am persuaded, that if you pray to the Almighty, he will preserve you from being ensnared in any temptations; as to Freeman, he is a worthless fellow, and has, I fear, nearly ruined Elworthy, but I assure you, I am not to blame, for I have given them both good advice, and charged them to avoid bad company, taverns, and theatres, but in vain; they appear to be bent upon their ruin; they despise religion, and I have no confidence in those who do not esteem and follow its admirable dictates.

Melville expressed his thanks to Mr. Le Monde for his advice and good opinion, and assured him, that although he had not seen much of the world, yet he was determined, by divine assistance, to adhere rigidly to the instructions of his dear parents.

Freeman found his thoughtless companions at the Office, and, after a strict examination, the magistrates threatened to commit them for assaulting the watchman, until they found bail for their appearance at the Quarter Sessions; the watchman was, however, prevailed upon to make up the affair, upon receiving a compensation from the offenders, and after the sitting magistrate had given them a severe reprimand, they were suffered to depart.

Mrs. Elworthy's health continued still to decline; she had been attended by one of the most eminent physicians, but his efforts were ineffectual, and, as the last resort, she was advised to remove into the country, and try what change of air might produce; never did the consolations of religion appear stronger than in the support they administered to her mind; her faith in the Son of God inspired in her a lively hope of the glory and felicity of the world to come, "I have no fear," said she, "of dying, for death will be my eternal gain; one thing only depresses my spirits, it is the visible change in my son's conduct, oh! my son! my son!—And is it possible, that the prayers and instructions, and dying admonitions of his dear father, will prove ineffectual? May we not claim the promise made to Abraham, 'I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee?'"

"Madam," replied the Rev. Mr. Singleton, who had called to see her, "there is the greatest encouragement for you to hope that your son will be reclaimed, and brought to seek his everlasting salvation; but you may not be permitted to see this; your case is not singular; many eminently pious characters have been grieved by the unruly and rebellious conduct of their children, and some of God's honored servants have sighed in the bitterness of their spirit, on account of the wayward family; an only son, whose pious relatives have ardently desired to see walking in the truth, has ever planted thorns in their dying pillow; yet God has not been unmindful of their work of faith and labor of love; the important principles of religion may be obscured by the darkness of error, and the heart may be hardened by the deceitfulness of sin, but early religious instruction—the consistent godly example of the pious father—his daily earnest prayers for the salvation of his child cannot be obliterated; careless as your son may seem to be, I am convinced that he

has intervals of serious reflection, and who can tell?"

"Oh, my dear sir, this encourages me," said the amiable mother, "Who can tell? Perhaps my death may be the spiritual life to my son! I will not despair—I will still hope. Did you ever know an instance of the kind?"

"I have," replied the minister, and he drew out his handkerchief, and wiped the falling tear—and paused for some minutes to give vent to his feelings.

(To be continued.)

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

NEW-HAVEN, MARCH 21, 1829.

NEW-YORK CITY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Such a Society was formed in New-York on the 9th inst., auxiliary to the American Society for the Promotion of Temperance. The Hon. C. D. Colden in the chair, and Mr. J. W. Leavitt, Secretary.

It was getting rather late in the day for the great city of New-York, that is wont to take so ready a stand in the great projects of philanthropy, to take the field against this inveterate and common foe. The evil infests the city to a terrific extent, and there have been many loud voices engaged of late in arousing public attention to it. That public opinion needed correcting, or at least needed a stimulus on the subject, may be gathered from the late proceedings of the city Council—which may have had a tendency in suggesting the present effort. The meeting is said to have been a full one, and was addressed by Seth P. Staples, Esq. and Rev. Mr. Hewitt, Secretary of the American Temperance Society.

The officers chosen were, *President*, Hon. Smith Thompson; *Vice Presidents*, Hon. John T. Irving, John Watts, Jun. M. D., Peter A. Jay, Esq., John M'Comb, Esq.; *Treasurer*, Richard T. Haines; *Recording Secretary*, Ansel W. Ives, M. D.; *Corresponding Secretary*, Rev. Joshua Leavitt; and *Managers*.

Many facts detailed by Mr. Hewitt, bear witness of the decided impression that has been made upon public sentiment, and through that upon the moral habits of our countrymen, by the perseverance and assiduity of the friends of temperance. Their compacts, resolutions and constitutions have been dubbed folly and mummery by many, and by some who were willing to be sober, on the supposition that the object was to secure their own sobriety, or reclaim confirmed drunkards: but they were only passing judgment on follies of their own imagining. Such to be sure are some of the collateral results of these associations, but the great end has not been to secure themselves, nor to reclaim confirmed sots, for the first were perhaps useless, and the latter hopeless; but to prevent the ranks of the vice from being filled by fresh recruits, while the old ones were thinning off. To make drinking unfashionable, disreputable, and low-lived, as it is. Such an impression has been made in a degree scarcely to have been expected.

In the statements of Mr. Hewitt, as contained in the N. Y. Observer, he has proved by the exhibition of facts, "that the sacrifice demanded of the temper-

ate by the principle of entire abstinence, can be at most only that of a useless and indeed a pernicious indulgence. To the highest enjoyment of health and muscular energy it is necessary to act on this principle. From the schools that exist in England for the training of prize-fighters—in whom the perfection of muscular strength and activity is aimed at—ardent spirits are entirely excluded, and even ale is very rarely allowed. No use is made of ardent spirits in the State prisons at Auburn, N. Y., Wethersfield, Ct., and Concord, N. H. The result is, that even constitutions broken down by intemperance are restored to healthfulness and vigor. The Roman soldier, who fought the battles of his country with a weight of armor which a modern rum-drinker could hardly stand under, drank nothing stronger than vinegar and water. And multitudes of farmers and mechanics—men engaged in hard labor of all kinds, and exposed to heat and cold and wet of every degree, have made fair trial of the plan of entire abstinence, and with one voice declare themselves gainers by it, in every respect. The sacrifice to be made, therefore, is only that of a pleasurable but injurious excitement.

"Mr. Hewitt adverted to the success which had already crowned exertions made on this principle. Temperance Societies to the number of 300 had been reported, and such information received respecting others as to warrant the assertion that as many as 600, consisting of from 10 to 400 members each, were already in existence in the United States. These Societies at first generally consist of a few members only; but the certainty and rapidity with which they gain adherents from the surrounding population is a striking proof of the excellence, and a most gratifying indication of the coming triumph of the system pursued. In the lower part of Middlesex County, Connecticut, 612 men have agreed since September last, to abstain entirely from distilled spirits as a drink for refreshment. The result is, that very many who are not members of the Association, conform much in practice to its principles—drum-drinking at stores is almost wholly abolished—and tipplers and rum-bottles are seldom seen by the light of day. Merchants have banished ardent spirits from their stores, and in one town, where there were last year nine persons who retailed it, there is now not one. In the western part of this State the reform has been astonishing, and there is no State in the Union where it has not commenced. At least 1,500 merchants and distillers, Mr. H. said, had discontinued all traffic in the poison from conscientious motives. The reform commences with the respectable; they are reforming fashion, and bringing public opinion—a power stronger than government and law—to bear directly and irresistibly against the evil they are endeavoring to put down."

NEW-YORK CITY BIBLE SOCIETY.

A Bible Society for the limits of the city of New-York was formed at a meeting of its citizens on the 11th inst. Rev. James Milnor, D. D., was chosen President. With this society the New-York Female

Bible Society, an institution it is said of an annual income frequently of from \$1,200 or \$1,500, is to combine its efforts.

For the Religious Intelligence.

REV. MR. BREWER'S JOURNAL.

(Continued from page 671.)

TENEDOS, Sept. 17, 1827.

We landed a little before sunset, at the only town which there is upon the island. It is on the eastern side, over against the Trojan coast. The number of houses is about 450, Greek and Turkish. It is defended by a castle of considerable strength, which together with the castles of the Dardanelles, has recently been put in a state of improved defence.

A range of hills above the town, completely shuts out the view of the sea towards the west. Behind these, the Greek fleet in the war with Troy, would have been most effectually concealed. On ascending one of the hills, I found the order of the rocks, beginning at the bottom, to be the following: breccia; sand stone, with imbedded shells; compact lime stone, and volcanic trachyte. Scarcely any important remains of antiquity have been discovered in the island. We searched in vain for the granite *soros*, or tomb, of the father of Herodes Atticus. There are many of these sarcophagi at the public fountains, but we thought it hardly possible that the inscription first copied by Chandler, should have become so soon obliterated. Perhaps it may have been removed by foreigners, or overlooked by us in our hasty search.

Wine is the principal production of the island, and it still retains much of its ancient celebrity. The coins of Tenedos, had on them a cluster of grapes. From some of the fruit which we purchased in the market place, we found that though ungrateful generations,—the Pagan, the Christian and the Mahometan, have come and gone—their Father in Heaven "has not left himself without a witness" upon their fruitful hills.

Took with me in my walk, as usual, Greek tracts for distribution. Nothing could exceed the eagerness with which they were received by the children. Such facts I continue to mention, in order to shew the freedom with which missionary operations may still be prosecuted in every part of Turkey. Neither in the Catholic nor Protestant countries of Europe, do so few obstacles exist in the way of the circulation of books. None of any description can be introduced into Austrian Italy, except from Vienna, nor thence unless approved by the authorities.

Several hundred regular soldiers have lately arrived, to garrison this key to the Dardanelles. Perhaps this is in consequence of rumors that the Greeks were about to make a descent upon the island, or as a shew of opposition to the demands of the Allies. They were not quartered in the citadel, but in houses, which the Greek inhabitants had been compelled to vacate for their reception.

We have had here a fresh instance of the communication which the Greeks in arms, keep up with their brethren at Constantinople. For the third time on our passage, we were inquired of respecting a Turkish vessel going down with an Aga and military stores to Mitylene. It seems the Greek cruizers are hoping to secure this prize. One of our company on leaving Constantinople, was charged with a message about the sailing of the vessel, and agents at the different places where we have stopped, have undertaken to forward any intelligence which they may receive. Notwithstanding many of the Greeks have been prevented from joining in the insurrection, and the islanders compelled by their necessities to resume their commerce with the Turks, under foreign protection, they still cherish a keen desire to do them all the injury in their power consistent with

their own private interests. In whatever other respects they may differ, they are all agreed in cordial hatred, and, at least, secret opposition to their Mohammedan masters.

At evening we were visited by a boat from a Greek vessel under English colors, like ourselves bound from Odessa to the Archipelago. The captain was an intelligent young man, who had been a student of the college at Scio. There were also two lads from Ipsara. In consequence of the calamities which came upon their native island, they had been wholly deprived of the advantages of education. In the conversation which took place between them and our crew, I saw evidence that we had met with a different class of Greeks, from the spiritless and servile young men of Constantinople. When the Turkish muezzins raised their accustomed cry from the minarets—"God is God, and Mahomet is his prophet; to prayer, to prayer,"—pitching their voices to the same key they exclaimed, "curses be upon the head of Mahomet, and cursed be all the followers of the prophet." On being reminded of the precepts of the gospel which they were thus violating, they justified themselves by an affecting appeal to the history of their country and kindred. The captain and six or eight of his crew who could read, very gratefully received our tracts.

Sept. 18.—Got under way before day break, together with the Greek vessel mentioned yesterday. A storm of thunder and rain during the night, had brought us a fresh north wind so that we soon left Tenedos behind. We had not proceeded far however when we hailed a vessel coming from Syra, which had been plundered by the pirates a few hours before near Cape Baba, or the Lectum promontory. After speaking with each other, our captains prudently declined proceeding, until the darkness of another night should afford them some protection. We came to anchor therefore near the coast of Troy, a little south of the ruins of Alexandria Troas. This is one of the numerous cities which derives its name from the Macedonian conqueror. It is supposed to be the place mentioned in Acts, xvi. 8.

Taking a hasty meal, and having leave of absence for a few hours, I then sat out in company with two young Greeks, to explore as much as possible of the Troad. Not having observed Esky Stamboul, or the old city, as Alexandria Troas is called by the Turks, we had supposed ourselves considerably to the north of that place. Hence we had great hopes of being able to reach Bonarbashi, which Chevalier and most of the early travellers and indeed many of the moderns, have regarded as the site of ancient Troy. Bonarbashi is near the Mender, 9 miles from the nearest point of the Hellespont, 12 from Cape Yenicher, and 5 or 6 from the sea. Dr. Clark and others have contended that Troy was on the other side of the Mender, to the north east of Bonarbashi.

We sprang on the shore of this doubly classic land, with almost as much enthusiasm as the followers of Aeneas would have felt, on revisiting their native soil. Climbing a bank of sand stone, perhaps a hundred feet in height, we found ourselves at once in the midst of thick groves of the low valani oak, with which this region is widely covered. The husks of the valani, in size and appearance resembling the chesnut burr, form an important article of exportation for the purposes of tanning. Proceeding about a mile in a north easterly direction, we quite unexpectedly reached the ancient wall of Alexandria Troas. We followed it through the forest for a considerable distance, but soon found that it would require some hours to complete the circuit. The prevailing height of the mound on the outside, was from 12 to 20 feet, and its thickness at the base, about the same. The foundations were mostly in place, consisting of stones, not more than 4 or 5 feet in length, and of uniform dimensions. While hesita-

ting what course to pursue, we discovered a Turk, who turned aside and seemed disposed to shun us. The reason of this conduct, and of the alarm and flight of several others whom we saw during the day, we afterwards learned to be the frequent descents of the Greeks upon the coast for the purpose of carrying off cattle and other plunder. On overtaking our suspicious friend, and making known our wishes, he readily undertook to conduct us to the principal ruins, now not far distant. We saw the remains of the aqueduct built by Herodes Atticus; a gymnasium with baths of the times of Hadrian and the Antonines, now vulgarly called Priam's palace; the two marble extremities of the theatre, with hundreds of granite and marble columns, many of them still standing, yet perhaps not in their original situation. Our survey was too rapid to attempt a description. We observed that numbers of American officers had left their memorial on every blank page of this album of antiquity. To one of their countrymen, the sight of these familiar and honored names, awakens very pleasing recollections. Justice however to those who may hereafter visit the same scenes, on their cruise to the mouth of the Dardanelles, would seem to require, that they should write in somewhat smaller characters.

Within the area of the city, several Turkish families had built themselves temporary dwellings, from materials which had formed the palaces of kings.—Many of them were engaged in gathering the valani, and a species of large walnut which abounds here. We saw during the day more than 20 of the carts, in which travellers love to recognize the antique form of Homer's time. The wheels are a solid block of wood, supporting a long wicker work basket.

From Esky Stamboul, we then bent our course to the north. Just without the walls, we passed the quarries from whence their materials were drawn. The rock which is near the surface, is little more than a conglomerate of oyster and other shells. The same species of oyster abounds in the adjacent waters. Where it has been exposed to the action of the weather, the rock acquires the firmness of granite. Finding that our efforts to reach Bonarbashi, or the tomb of Aësyates, would be in vain, we entered the dry bed of a torrent which led towards the east.—This we followed for two miles, until we found water flowing in its undiminished channel. The width was about 10 or 12 feet, and the depth 5 or 6. In the fields we discovered several sarcophagi, also many blocks of granite built into the modern houses on the plain without the city. Our approach to one of them caused no small alarm to a Turkish family. The mother called out most loudly, "Haide—begone." I bethought me however to exclaim, "Su var mı—water is there?" remembering that the precepts of their religion required them to compassionate the thirsty. The husband who was beating walnuts from a tree near at hand, directed his wife to hand us the vessel of water. She placed it upon the ground and then fled to a distance, attempting with her ragged veil to conceal features apparently not the most lovely. Within the enclosure of the city where strangers are more frequently seen, we had found the people less timid.

On our return near the shore, and almost directly opposite to the island of Tenedos, we saw several snakes of different colors. Two of them which somewhat startled us, were black, and though short, sufficiently large, with the aid of the traveller's lips and the poet's imagination, to correspond to those which Virgil describes in the well known story of Laocoon. We saw also the centipede, and the echinus. The latter was pointed out to me by one of the Greeks, who opened its prickly shell, and ate it raw as he would have done an oyster. Of trees, besides the valani and walnut, the pine was most frequent. The cystus plant was also common. Of rocks, we passed

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over besides the shell conglomerate, another species in which the pebbles were large. In a block of the latter among the ruins of Alexandria Troas, were some of the size of a man's head. Sandstone was also common, and a species of soft limestone.

Many hundreds of granite balls which had been formed from ancient columns for the cannon at the Dardanelles, lay scattered about the plain, as though now of little value. The artificial lake which made part of the excellent harbor of Alexandria Troas, is now mostly filled up with sand. While lingering about this spot, and picking up fragments of ancient pottery, &c., some Turkish soldiers came out of a guard house, and asked from whence we were, and said that we ought to go before the Aga, or Governor, and Bimbashi, or colonel. The reason they assigned was that we were not at liberty to carry off antiques, without payment or permission. As we had nothing of value, we informed them we had not time to stop, and continued our walk towards the vessel. Shortly after a shepherd Turk came to the brow of the hill above us, called upon us to return, and loaded his gun in our sight. I pointed out our vessel, which had its Russian colors flying, shook my travelling firman, and took no farther notice of him. At the place where the boat came off for us, two others approached from a contrary direction. These pointed their guns at one of the young men who was cutting bushes for our live stock, and threatened to fire upon us, if we did not leave the shore. Thinking my Frank dress would afford him some protection, I went and sat down on a rock before him, while he completed his task, and the rest of the party proceeded leisurely to the boat. On reaching the vessel just at night, we found considerable apprehensions had been entertained for our safety, from the length of our absence and the sight of the armed Turks upon the shore.

During the excursion, I had given away a quantity of Greek and Greco-Turkish tracts, to travelling Greeks with whom I met. They are not permitted at present to reside in the immediate vicinity of the coast. I felt gratified here on the plain of Troy, a scene so celebrated in the most ancient writings of the Greeks, to distribute among their reputed descendants, books in a language intelligible to them, yet bearing great resemblance even to that in which Homer sung. I have however a higher satisfaction in contemplating the holier tendency of the humble narratives of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, the Young Cottager, &c. which I have circulated. Their object is not to excite, but to allay, the violent passions of men; not to stir up the "Sons of the Greeks" to deeds of murderous war, but to enlist them in that good fight of faith whose "warfare is within."

(To be continued.)

Missionary Intelligence.

MR. KING'S JOURNAL IN GREECE.

We have been favored with a very interesting communication from Mr. King, now in Greece, to the Ladies' Greek Committee of this city, a part of which is subjoined.—*Journal of Commerce.*

EGINA, August 1828.

To the Ladies' Greek Committee, New-York:

I wrote to you a short letter from Malta, and another from Poros, soon after my arrival in that place. I will now give you a few extracts from my journal, beginning with the first of the present month, at which time I was at Poros, unwell, and feeling a great degree of debility, arising from the excessive heat of the climate.

When I arose in the morning, I found many persons standing at my door, wishing for New Testaments. After breakfast, several boys came

in with a Priest; and on my asking what they wished? the reply from all was---books, books---the Gospel, the Gospel. In order to satisfy myself, with regard to the truth of their assertion, that they were able to read, I made them stand up in a row, and proceeded to hear them read from the Gospel, one after another, and made remarks to them upon the truths which it contains.

While thus occupied, eight or ten boys, from ten to eighteen years of age, came in and announced to me that their teacher was below, and wished to see me. I, of course, invited him to come in. On his entering, all his scholars took their stand together, in order; and these, together with the others who had previously entered, formed an interesting group of thirty or forty boys, of the age above mentioned.

The teacher, Nicephoros Pamboukes, told me that he was a native of Argos, the place of Agamemnon---that he was regularly employed here by the President, Capo d'Istria, as teacher of the Ancient Greek, and that he had in his school about eighty scholars.

After he had taken his seat, and the usual compliments had passed between us, he addressed me in the following manner:---"How much labor you have taken to come from America, five or six thousand miles, to bring us aid! We are indeed in affliction. Pass over into the Morea, and you will find our cities laid waste---many without house, without food, or raiment. Truly your reward will be great from Him who rewards those who give only a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple. But we are unworthy. With regard to our religion, we are fallen from the elevation where we once were. We have borne long, the Turkish yoke;---have become ignorant;---have not the gospel;---and war has introduced many evils. I have come this morning, with a part of my pupils, for the purpose of having the pleasure of your acquaintance, and of expressing our gratitude for your great benevolence; but especially, we wish to thank you for bringing to us the Gospel." You may well suppose, that such an address, on my entrance into Greece, could not be heard by me without some emotion.

I replied:---"Sir, it is but little that we do. You know what our Lord Jesus Christ did for us. He came from heaven to earth. He saw us poor, wretched, and miserable; and though rich, he became poor for our sakes---took upon him our natures, and died upon the cross, that we might have life. If we are Christians, we ought to follow him---to imitate him; and, like him, do good to those who are in affliction and want." I then turned and addressed all who were present:---"You see, my children," said I, "how much Christ loved us: he gave his life for us! How much, then, should we love him?---how ought we to obey him?---walk as he walked?---avoid every evil thing?---pride, lust, lying, stealing, strife? &c.; and, like him, be meek and lowly in heart? Take my yoke upon you," said he "and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

In this manner I addressed them for some time. All appeared solemn---all listened with

the most profound attention. The teacher seemed affected; and as I interpreted to Judge Woodruff what we had said, he seemed to be quite moved, even to tears.

After these went away, others came and begged for the Gospel. If Christians in America could have witnessed the scene which I have witnessed to-day—the earnestness with which youths and old men plead with me for a Bible, I am sure there would be no want of money to print it in sufficient numbers to supply all Greece. I suppose that there have been at my room to-day, begging for that inestimable treasure, more than a hundred persons, from the age of nine years to fifty-five or sixty.--- Among them was a Priest, with a long white beard, who came with his son to beg a New Testament. Several old men, whose hairs begin to whiten with age, came and begged the same; saying that they had children who knew how to read, but that they had not the Gospel in their houses. Some from Athens, some from Hydra, some from other places, came for the same purpose.

Before granting them their request, I examined them all, to see if they could read; and in presenting to them the books, I addressed them, in a few words, on the importance of reading the Gospel daily, with prayer to God, through Christ, that he would enlighten them---that they might understand the Scriptures---that he would renew their hearts---that they might love the truth, and practice it in their lives: and spoke to them of the love of Christ, our sinfulness, the importance of living for heaven, and of avoiding every thing sinful. Parents who could read, I addressed on the importance of reading the Scriptures daily with their children, and of training them up for heaven.

2d August--Many called for the New Testament; that seems to be desired here, more than any other book. One man from Roundely, about forty years of age, came and bought three New Testaments, one for himself, and the other two, he said he wished for two priests who lived near him, and who had not the Gospel; and he desired that they might have it, so as to be able to teach others. On my asking him if there were no other Priests near him who had not the Gospel he replied, "Yes, but they are old men, and not now capable of improvement; the other two are young, and may improve. Now, they have not the Gospel, and how should they know any thing to teach others?"

There was something in that man's remarks, and in his appearance altogether, which struck me very much. He had on, I believe, only one long, coarse garment, with a leather girdle about his loins, and seemed to possess all the hardihood of a mountaineer.

Visited the school of Nicephorus Pambockes. I addressed the scholars on the importance of uniting with human knowledge that of the Gospel. Gave twenty seven New Testaments to the scholars. Several had previously obtained them from me, so that there are perhaps fifty in the school who have the Gospel. I should have furnished all the students with New Testaments, were it not that I have only twenty or thirty left in my possession. One hundred

and forty or fifty were all that I was able to obtain at Malta, and it will probably be a long time before I can receive any from England.

Among others who called to-day, was an interesting man with a most interesting son, a boy of 8 or 9 years of age, from the ancient Arcadia; both were able to read with great fluency. His object in calling, was to beg of me the Gospel for himself and family. He came twice, and waited, and plead a long time, till I could not find it in my heart to refuse his request, and gave him one out of the little number which remained, and which I had intended to keep to present to the Priests that I might meet with in the Morea. An old man with him, also from Arcadia, begged, and begged, till I also gave him one.

Sunday, 3d August.---At 10 in the morning, performed divine service in English. A part of the crew of the brig Herald, and two or three Englishmen were present.

After the service, I walked out a little distance in order to see if the orders which the President has lately given, that all the shops and coffee houses shall be shut up on the Lord's day, were obeyed. I saw but one only open. When in the market place, I saw several women who had water to sell. Good water here is scarce, and brought from the Monastery, which is at a considerable distance from the city. As I passed by them, one of them asked me to drink. I told her that I had a plenty of good water at my house. Still, however, she asked me again, if I would not drink? I replied, "There is One who can give us water, of which if, we drink, we shall never thirst. He that drinks of this water will thirst again; but the other is the water of eternal life; and he who drinks of it, will thirst no more." This reply which I supposed would be understood, seemed to excite some wonder and curiosity; and several young men who were near, came around me, to hear what I had to say; so I repeated to them what I had said to the women; one of them (the young men,) said, "Sir, where is that water? We wish for it. Where is he who has it?" I said, "Come with me to my house, and I will show you. It is Jesus Christ." Still, they did not seem to understand; and some said, "He must be a physician--he will give us something which will prevent us from thirsting." As many began to collect, I thought best to go away, and return to my lodgings. Several young men, however, followed me, and expressed a desire to know where that water of which I had spoken, could be found? So I took the New Testament, and read to them a part of the 4th chapter of St. John's Gospel, from the 5th to the 15th verse, inclusive, and gave them the book to carry with them to the market place, to read the whole chapter, and explain what I had said, to those who were desirous of knowing. "Ah," said one of them, after I had read the portion above mentioned, "I perceive that he is speaking in a figure;" and went on explaining to the others, what he supposed I intended to say.

There was something in the circumstance of my being asked to drink, and in the curiosity which my reply excited, which seemed to me very singular.

Monday 4th, and Tuesday 5th.—I was occupied in writing letters to my friends in France and America. Had an interview with the President, and among other things, conversed with him about the establishment of schools, and asked his Excellency, whether, in case I had a certain sum of money yearly for the establishment of schools, I should meet with any difficulty in employing it for that purpose?—"Not the least," said he, "you can establish as many schools as you please."

He observed, however, that there were two difficulties—one the want of houses, and the other, the want of teachers.

Teachers, I doubt not, I could find, if I had the means of employing them. I could obtain some of them here, some from Constantinople, some from Smyrna, and some from Palestine. Now, if ever, is the time to commence, and every plan ought to be laid, as if Greece were actually free and sure to rise.

Wednesday, 6th.—Several Priests, one Deacon, and many of the common people, called to ask for the New Testament and other books. Since my arrival here, one thing has struck me very much. It is, that many of the people, and several of the Priests, seem ready to confess their ignorance, and the importance of reading the Scriptures in Modern Greek—in the language they understand—in order to be benefitted, and that they may know the true religion of the Gospel. This, several have expressed to me, and among others, one of the Bishops.

Thursday, 7th Aug.—In the forenoon went to the Monastery, to visit the Lancasterian School there established. The teacher's name is Petros Bowas (Peter Bonas.) There are in this school eighty-six boys, the youngest of which is nine, and the oldest seventeen years of age. The greater part are from ten to fifteen years of age. They were taken by the President from the army, which they followed, and from the midst of filth, and vermin, and wretchedness. They were in a school of vice, and training up for ruin. They are now brought to order, decently clothed,—and I have seldom visited any school of the kind, in any country, that appeared to be in more perfect order. They are taught six days in the week, without regard to feast days. (This is one step towards correcting this people.)

Forty-four out of the eighty-six, are now ill, —most of them suffering from disease of the eyes. They sleep on benches and on the floor, with a little thin blanket spread under them. Some few have a small very thin mattress to sleep on.

The teacher told me, that he thought the expense of feeding and clothing them, and giving them instruction, is about two piastres a day each. (Fifteen piastres make a Spanish dollar.)

Before leaving the school, I addressed the scholars on the importance of making progress in knowledge, obeying their teacher, being grateful to the President for what he had done for them, and especially to God, their great Benefactor; on the importance of fearing God, loving Christ, avoiding lying and every evil thing, and of keeping constantly in view, that

there is a world to come, and a future judgment. All listened with the strictest attention.

The porter of the Convent, where the school is kept, is now one hundred and three years old. He receives for his support *six cents* and *two thirds* of a cent per day—that is *one piastre*.

Several persons called to-day for the Gospel, and I am obliged to send them empty away. In the afternoon a little boy came and asked me for a small school-book, printed at Malta. I asked for it 15 paras, (about three cents.) He said he had no money, and stood waiting, till the spot where he stood was so wet with perspiration, that the print of his feet was visible on the floor for a long time after he went away. Seeing him wait so long, I told him again, that he must give me 15 paras for the book. "I am poor," said he, "and cannot pay it. Father I have not; he was killed by the Turks, or I know not by whom. He is gone—my Mother is left with myself and two sisters—and I cannot pay!" While he thus spoke and plead for a book, his eyes filled with tears, and I could no longer resist. So I gave him his request. He is thirteen years old, and has already advanced so far in learning as to begin to write. I mention this simply to let you know how much desire is manifested here for books.

BURMAIL.

Extract of a letter from Rev. J. Wade, to Brother J—O—, of Hamilton, dated Maulaming, June 5, 1828.

My dear Father in the Lord Jesus Christ.—One of the priests of high standing, was an inquirer for some time, and we hoped he would at length come to the light. At last however he fell off, and said he had made up his mind to die in his old religion. Three others, who were inquirers some time ago, have now fallen off; but at present there are nine, of whom we have strong hopes as being subjects of grace; particularly some who have been examining their religion for some months.

On the 20th of April, we heard from the disciples at Rangoon, by a letter from Ko-Thaha, who, it seems, though cautiously, has been preaching Christ to a number, some of whom formerly listened and considered the subject, more or less, and others were entire new cases. He says that sixteen persons have acknowledged their belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, and given evidence of true piety.

But I must close this communication, as it is already perhaps too long. God you see, has in some degree blessed his word, and heard the prayers which have been made for the conversion of Burmans; therefore, let our Christian friends be encouraged to continue in prayer.

I remain your ever affectionate son in the gospel of Christ.

J. WADE.

N. Y. Baptist Register.]

LIGHTNING.

The following extraordinary account is copied from the Christian Advocate and Journal.

Messrs. Editors:—I think it a duty I owe to divine Providence to record the following miracle of mercy. On Monday evening, Nov. 3

1828, I was standing in the west room of the house of the Rev. W. Adams, in Shelby county, Ky., immediately before the fire, pointing with my right hand towards the south east corner of the room, when, suddenly, we were visited with a violent shock of lightning. It first struck the top of the chimney, and divided into several streams. It wrecked the chimney and the whole gable end of the house. One stream descended one of the studs near the chimney, which was literally torn into splinters. Another descended the flue, and burst through the inside wall nearly opposite my head. One of those streams struck the upper point of my right hip, and ran down to my foot. The skirt of my coat, on the right side, was torn off at the waist, and rent into many pieces. My pantaloons and drawers were rent from top to bottom, the sock and boot torn in pieces, and my flesh burned from one hip round nearly to the other, and all the way down to my foot. Part of the same stream struck my right elbow, ran along the inside of my arm, which was badly burned, and passed off at the end of my fingers. My coat sleeve, from the elbow, was torn in pieces, and thrown into the corner of the room where I was pointing. Another stream struck my left thigh about half way down, ran down the outside tendon, winding round the calf of my leg down to the inside ankle, where it entered the flesh, and burst out in the bottom of my heel, and blew a hole through the heel of the boot as if made by an ounce ball.—This boot was also severely rent, and the full impression of the heel was left in the floor as an evidence of the violence of the shock. I immediately fell to the floor, fully sensible of what had befallen me. My wife and others of the family ran in immediately, and found me enveloped in smoke and sulphur. They were much alarmed and knew not what to do. I told them to send immediately for two physicians, which they did. I then directed them to pour cold water on me, and to let blood.—This was not done. Knowing that the circulation was stopped in my arm and lower extremities, I next directed my wife to rub them with camphor. This was done, which soon restored the circulation, and gave me much relief. I also directed an application of spirits of turpentine to the burns, which soon took out the fire. Brother W. M'Reynolds was with me in the room. He was stunned by the shock, but sustained no material injury. My pocket knife was so highly charged with electric fluid that it will lift a large steel thimble. This was accidentally discovered the next day. Brother M'Reynolds' knife was also slightly charged. The steel works of my watch, also, possess the power of attraction. When I first felt I apprehended I was mortally wounded, but felt very little alarmed. I lifted my heart and voice to God in prayer, and found him present to deliver in a trying moment. Though my body was in the storm, my soul had a calm and peace within. I was confined to my bed for two weeks afterwards, but two happier weeks I have never lived. I felt no disposition to murmur for one moment, for I saw the hand of God was in it, and confidently believed that all would work for good.

I arrived in my station Dec. 12th, and have been enabled to preach twice on Sabbath, and one or two nights in the week. Our prospects in the Shippingport station are encouraging, and in Louisville quite flattering. Many glad hearts have hailed the return of peace among brethren, which we hope will be permanent and lasting. May the Lord of peace himself give us peace always by all means. Amen.

WILLIAM GUNN.

Louisville, Ky, Jan. 10, 1829.

CLAIMS OF SEAMEN.

Sailors are in some respects more neglected than slaves. When a slave is sick, it belongs to his master to take care of him. When he becomes disabled or decrepid, his master must support him. Let his life of infirmity and uselessness be ever so long, it makes no difference. Even if he has labored for his master only a single day, the obligation becomes fastened. He may have his living fifty years, if he lives so long after he is disabled. This law is grounded upon the obvious principles of all equity, that when a man is not in a situation to make provision himself for a rainy day, those who enjoy the benefit of his toils, are bound to provide for his wants.

It is not so with the sailor. The owner, the merchant, the landsman reaps the benefit of the sailor's perils and toils, grows rich by his hardships, builds himself a spacious house, and lays up substance for his children. But the poor sailor, to whom he is indebted for it all, is forgotten and despised. As soon as he returns with his cargo he is turned adrift, and nobody knows or cares what becomes of him. If he is sick or wounded, the only care is to get rid of him. When old or disabled, his only portion is to beg, or steal, or go to the alms-house. People say, why he is nothing but an old sailor, let him go to the poor house, or any where out of the way. And if any person inquires why an old sailor should not go there, I answer, because he has paid for better accommodations. The government of the state and of the nation have exacted immense sums of the sailors' money, expressly for the purpose of providing for them in distress. But the provision has not been made. Sailors pay nearly a hundred thousand dollars every year in the single port of New-York. That is enough to make provision for all the sick, destitute, disabled seamen in the port, and for educating all the orphan children of sailors, and for supporting a good Nautical Academy, and the preaching of the gospel besides. When will the claims of seamen be regarded? claims, be it remembered not for charity, but for justice.—*Sailor's Magazine.*

Sabbath School Fruits.—A letter from a gentleman in Sheridan, Chataque county to the Editor of the *Visitant*, says, "There has been a revival in this place the past season, and about forty hopeful conversions—16 of whom are Sabbath Scholars. Our school numbers about forty pupils."

Judge Woodruff, one of the Agents of the Greek Committee, has arrived in New-York from the Mediterranean.

REVIVALS IN WALES.

From a statement in the *London Baptist Magazine*, it appears that the additions by baptism to the Baptist churches in Wales, during the year 1828 amounted to 1,752, and the clear increase to 1,490. The editor mentions that similar revivals have been enjoyed by churches of other denominations in the Principality. The following extract of a letter published in the *Evangelical Magazine*, shows how much they resemble those in our own country.

Mr. Greatbatch, and yourself, and all our friends at Southport, will rejoice to hear of the great revival of religion that hath taken place lately in this neighborhood. It began in a place called Gwytheren, twelve miles from this town, in a parish containing about five hundred souls. The Sunday Schools have been eminently useful in bringing a reformation among them; by the instruction of their teachers, the young people were brought to see the sinfulness of attending wakes, fairs, &c. which have been the ruin of many. The families have been brought to see the duty and privilege of worshipping God in their families; believing that the Lord would pour his wrath upon all households that call not on his name. By degrees the word preached, had a great effect upon the hearers, and the members of the small church of Christ in that neighborhood began to pray earnestly in private, and in their families, and in their public worship, for an outpouring of the spirit; and the Lord answered their prayers. In the beginning of August last, nine persons offered themselves to be admitted members of the church; the deacons and members there could not help weeping for joy, to see what they so earnestly prayed and longed for, coming to pass. From that day to this, every week, several persons have come forward seeking the way to Zion. From the first week in August, to the present time, above eighty persons have joined themselves for the Church of Christ at Gwytheren. The work of the Lord is going on wonderfully and delightfully—it is a little heaven below. You can better imagine, than I can describe, the happy scenes;—rich and poor—parents and children—young and old—young men and maidens—subscribing with their hands that they shall be the Lord's. What a glorious Spring and Summer, after a long and dreary Winter! Many of our ministers take great pleasure in visiting this delightful spot, and are obliged to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" I have the happiness to inform you, that this heavenly flame has caught two or three of the neighboring churches and congregations; and we here are waiting for the same visitation. The members of our church, about three hundred, assemble *one night in every week*, at the chapel, to pray for the same outpouring of the Holy Spirit amongst us. I hope I shall have occasion to send you word, before long, that our poor prayers are heard, and that many shall be brought to the glorious liberty of the sons of God. It will give me the greatest pleasure to hear of this great work going forward in Southport, and cold Lancashire; yea, all over the world. Your affectionate Father,

R. W.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

GIDEON TOMLINSON,

Governor of the State of Connecticut,

A PROCLAMATION.

As Citizens of a free, enlightened, and Christian Community, it becomes us, at stated seasons, to manifest our sense of dependence upon JEHOVAH; and, conscious of our neglect of social duties, our ingratitude for his unutterable mercies, lukewarmness in his service and worship, and multiplied violations of his holy Law, to humble ourselves before Him, with deep penitence and sincere devotion:

I do, therefore, appoint *Friday the seventeenth day of April next*, to be observed as a day of **FASTING, HUMILIATION, and PRAYER**; and I invite all the people of this State, with their respective ministers, to unite on that day, in publicly offering to God the spiritual sacrifice of contrite hearts, and in prayer that He will invigorate, direct and succeed the moral power which benevolence has already aroused, to suppress intemperance, and to rescue from impending destruction the deluded and pitiable victims of that desolating vice; that the transforming influences of the HOLY SPIRIT may cause guile, hypocrisy, evil speaking, and all wickedness to cease, and implant brotherly love and a forgiving spirit, distinguishing characteristics of true Christians, in every heart; and that for the sake of His Son, He will pardon our sins, and make us partakers of an undefiled and incorruptible inheritance.

Our united supplications should, on that occasion, ascend to the **AUTHOR** of all good, beseeching that He will be pleased to watch over and protect our Country; to inspire the President of the United States, and all exercising authority, in the national or state governments, with moderation, wisdom and integrity, and to lead them to the adoption of measures essentially conducive to the general welfare and harmony, and the stability of the Union; and that it may please him to smile on our literary, civil, and religious institutions; to bestow generally the blessing of health; to give the increase of the earth plentifulness, and a favorable season for its ingathering; and to prosper our navigation, commerce, and domestic industry.

Let us, also, in the spirit of benevolence, implore the **GOD OF GRACE**, that Christianity may speedily prevail throughout the world, and, by its benign energy, overthrow tyranny, restrain anarchy, put an end to oppression and cruelty, and establish universal peace, liberty, law and justice.

Servile labor and recreation, on said day, are by law prohibited.

Given under my hand, at Fairfield, this seventh day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty nine, and in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States.

GIDEON TOMLINSON.

By his Excellency's command,

THOMAS DAY, Secretary.

Obituary.

DIED—In this city, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Damarist Hull, aged 80, widow of the late Mr. Joseph Hull; on the 8th inst. Jane, aged eleven months, daughter of Mr. Leverett Lines.

At Washington, Feb. 19th, Deac John Powel, aged 77. A veteran in the army of Christ, who had served more than half a century under His banner, with uniform steadfastness and zeal. Few men have been more exemplary and useful through a long life, and few more sincerely lamented when removed by death.

At Watertown, N. Y. Mrs. Hepzibah Bronson aged 61, widow of the late Mr. Ethel Bronson, formerly of Middlebury, Conn.

At Cheshire, on the 5th inst. Mr. Nathaniel Andrews, aged 69.

At Middletown, on the 28th ult. Mrs. Esther Crofoot, aged 30, wife of Mr. Ephraim C.

At Ashtabula, Ohio, Mrs. Clarissa Brown, aged 37, formerly of Middletown.

Poetry.

From the Western Recorder.

SOLILOQUY OF A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

* * * Time was, when much he loved me.
When we walk'd out, at close of day, t' inhale
The vernal breeze—ah, well do I remember,
How then with careful hand, he drew my mantle
Round me; fearful lest the evening dews
Should mar my fragile health. Yes, then his eye
Look'd kindly on me, when my heart was sad,
How tenderly he wip'd my tears away,
While from his lips the words of gentle soothing,
In softest accents fell.

How blest my evenings, too, when wintry blasts
Were howling round our peaceful, happy dwelling.
O, it was sweet, the daily task perform'd,
By the swept hearth, and cheerful fire, to sit
With him I lov'd; to view with glistening eye,
And all a parent's fondness, the budding graces
Of our little ones.

* * * Then ye had a father,
My lovely babes! Now more than helpless orphans!
Thy mother more than widow's grief has known:
Yes, sharper pangs than those who mourn the dead,
Seiz'd on my breaking heart, when first I knew
My lover, husband—O, my earthly all,
Was dead to virtue! When I saw the man
My soul too fondly lov'd, transform'd to brute,
O, it was then I tasted gall and wormwood!
Then, the world look'd dreary; fearful clouds
Quick gather'd round me; dark forebodings came,
The grave before was terror; now it smil'd.
I long'd to lay me down in peaceful rest,
There to forget my sorrows. But I liv'd:
And O, my God! what years of woe have follow'd!
I feel my heart is broken. He who vow'd
To cherish me—before God's altar vow'd,
Has done the deed. And shall I then upbraid him—
The husband of my youthful days—the man
For whom I gave my virgin heart away?
Patient I'll bear it all.

* * * Peace, peace my heart!
'Tis almost o'er. A few more stormy blasts,
And then this shatter'd, sickly frame will fall,
And sweetly slumber—where the weary rest,
The wicked cease from troubling!

BETA.

THE WAYS OF GOD VINDICATED.

A deaf and dumb child when asked, in writing, by a perfect stranger, at a public meeting, who made all things, took up his chalk and wrote on a large board, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' The same child, when asked in a similar way—Why did Jesus Christ come into the world? wrote under it, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' The visitor then put a question, which many of us would have feared to propose, lest it should have produced an unhappy effect, but, by this time, he began to have confidence in the

child's ability. He asked him 'why were you born deaf and dumb? when I can both hear and speak.' For a moment the boy looked at the question, with a countenance rather expressive of sorrow—but it soon beamed with acquiescence in the divine will, and he took up the chalk and wrote 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.'

AFFLICTION.

Beware of occupying your mind as to how the affliction happened, or how it might be prevented. Think not of the oversight, or folly, or malice which may appear to you to have been the immediate occasion of it. God did it; and you must bid away all second causes from your thought, and carry the affliction to his throne of grace, and cast it and yourself before him; and ask him to save your soul, and to deliver you from resting on any created portion, and pray him to become himself your real, and true, and everlasting portion. Take care that this affliction be not lost. Abide in his presence, and be jealous of receiving comfort from any other source. You may lose your affliction if you do. And oh! remember that holiness is of more importance than comfort.—*Erskine.*

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH-BED

Extract of a letter from a distant friend.

"Last week D. E. was summoned to his final account. Five days before he died, the physician told him he was a going to die. He swore by his Maker that he would bury the Doctor first. The day before his death, he was seized with the drunkard's madness, *mania a potu*, and swore he would not die, and dared his Maker to cut him off! How soon his puny arm was withered! and how soon were those lips, which were blistered with blasphemies, closed in—death! What must have been the feelings of his wife—of his pious sisters—of his aged father!"

New-York Observer.

TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Whiting—The sixth meeting of the Middlesex Temperance Society, was held at Saybrook on the 19th ult. The report of the delegates from auxiliaries were of an highly interesting and encouraging nature. The meeting was also addressed in a very able manner, by Henry M. Waite, Esq., of Lyme. 132 new male and 231 new female members were reported for the last month, nearly 744 males and 592 females who have mutually agreed to abstain entirely from the use of ardent spirits. The next meeting will be held at East Haddam, on the 3d. Tuesday of April.

JOHN MARSH, Secretary.

Letters received at the Office of the Religious Intelligencer during the week ending March 18th, 1829.

Jona. Seymour; Sheldon G. Baker; Cheney Taft; Mrs. E. H. Randolph; Harry Cowles; Abel Turney; Jno. Horton; Philo Noble; Rev. Thos. H. Wood; William Ray; J. M. Lindsley; D. & J. Ames; Rev. John Marsh; Rev. T. Punderson; T. Jones.

TERMS.—\$2, in advance; \$2 50, if not paid in three months.—Agents who are accountable for six or more copies, will be allowed one copy gratis, or a commission of ten per cent.

CONTENTS.—NO. 43.

Sabbath Mails	673	from Grace	677	Burmab.—Lightning	685
"God can do without me"	674	The Contrast	678	Claims of Seamen	686
The long forbearance of God towards sinners	675	New-York city Temperance Society	680	Revivals in Wales.—Proclamation for Fast.—Obituary	687
The Bible in Ireland	676	Rev. Mr. Brewer's Journal	681	Poetry—Soliloquy of a Drunkard's Wife.—Temperance	688
The Young Swearer.—Falling		Mr. King's Journal in Greece	683		